

Thou hast redeemd thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Garsey*.

Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prince. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name,
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fals. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you,

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh.

But

But thought's the slaue of life, and
And Time that takes suruey of all
Must haue a stop. O, I could prop
But that the Earth, and cold hand
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, thou
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy*
I'll wea'd Ambition, how much a
When that this body did containe
A Kingdome for it, was too small a
But now two paces of the vilest ear
Is roome enough: this earth that b
Beares not alieue so stout a Gentle
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew o
But let my fauours hide thy mangl
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thank
For doing these faire rites of tender
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the
But not remembered in thy Epitaph

He spieth Falstaffe o

What, old acquaintance, could ne
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* fa
I could haue better spar'd a better n
O, I should haue a heauy misse of t
If I were much in loue with vanitie
Death hath not strooke so faire a De
Though many dearer in this blood
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* l

Falstaffe riseth

Fals. Imboweld? if thou imbow
leau to powder me, and eate mee t
time to counterfeit, or that hot ter
scot and let too. Counterfeit? I an
be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
hath not the life of a man: but to co

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